

REV. H. B. PARKS, D. D.,  
General Secretary, Missionary Department, A. M. E. Church, Room 81 Little House, New York City.

VOL VII.

## LETTER FROM SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA.

## DR. SNELSON IN THE INTERIOR.

## Sights, Scenes and Narrow Escapes From Death.

## THE MITE SOCIETY IN AFRICA.

## Grand Meetings and Bright Prospect. The King Visits the Place of Worship.

Mr. EDITOR: As is my usual custom and chief joy I spent my "Xmas" and "New Year" season in the interior among our hinterlands. A. M. E. Mission stations. Thursday, 22nd December, 1898, we left Freetown, and after four hours travel in canoe we waded, and we, however, managed to secure a foothold on land just in the nick of time. If it had been five minutes later all of us would have been lost in the sea. How good God is! It is marvelous in our eyes. The government officer, Mr. Cole, secured passage for me that night after providing us a good meal and rest, and by 4 o'clock Friday morning we were at "Rotumba" where we held services at 5:30. Sister Sallie Dawson, Bro. John Dove, Sisters Davis, Barber, Byron, Buckleheads we found holding on to the "Faith" once given to the saints. One new probationer, Bro. John Barber, was received and placed on our rolls. A good collection as lifted and deposited in the treasury, Bro. John Dove.

By the kindness of a good friend, T. J. Williams, Esq., the keeper of the French factory, the church will be recovered, and otherwise renovated. Much inspiration attended this visit and the Canadian church here await to hear from Sister M. J. Sisco, and society at Windsor, Canada. The war here is over, and the outlook very consoling.

We passed on to Mabifia. We have no agent here since the beginning of the uprising. Our people are still there and crying for the gospel of the Savior! We stop also at Mafura; our Sierra Leone members are all gone but the native brethren and sisters urged me to send the "Gospel and the good book" back soon. The meetings in place and Mission house are not built but the chief felt into the hands of the "de" and now largely in the Freetown prison; so "Mabifia" was considerably dreary, especially when remembrances of former days came thick and fast. We need more money to support more good Missionaries for each of these places.

Saturday morning, December 24th, '98, we reached "Sarah Gorham Mission" safely. We find Lieutenant J. H. W. Gooding and wife with a dozen children and more women all cleaning the campus, Mission house and "Allen Chapel" preparing for "Xmas celebrations." Xmas eve was indeed a busy day for us all. The beavers were being slaughtered, so were the sheep and goats, and fresh meats were being received into every house. Fresh fish came up out of the river seemingly voluntarily, and the Missionaries and Preaching Elders were remembered kindly by every family in Magbally. Christmas carolers, Pagers all alike, were very kind to us, and the mission house was certainly a delightful "Xmas Resort."

"Xmas Sabbath Day" closed with this program, carried out most satisfactorily.

4 o'clock. Early morning prayers.

7 o'clock. Men's class-meeting.

11 o'clock. "Xmas sermon" by Presiding Elder. Matt. i, 25: "Thou shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

12:30 o'clock. Women's class meeting.

2 p.m. Sabbath school. Address by Presiding Elder, and a blessed time we had feeding God's lambs.

4 p.m. Sermon by Presiding Elder. Subject: "Christ the Lord, the Conquering King."

Four persons gave themselves to Jesus, and we are sure the angels had a new joy as well as "Allen Chapel."

Monday was spent with the "Sarah Gorham School." Children thirty in number present that day, who were off for their Xmas vacation. Under the Mission, we gathered, sang, prayed, distributed candies, fruits, crackers, garments and sang and laughed, and had a jolly, blessed and sacred "Christmas Monday" with these darling children. Brother and Sister Gooding sanctifiedly consecrated for Mission service and are beloved at every point. We commission them. What an object lesson these Missionaries are, what an object lesson these children are in Magbally, dressed so neat and manners so sweet to the pagans about the "Sarah Gorham Mission." Bai Suba, chief of Magbally, gave us consent, after giving him a present of \$2.50, to use certain stones in the repair of the Mission house. Bro. Leigh, the carpenter, who built "New Zion Church" will have the contract. The members of Allen Chapel will give free labor to bring stone, etc., so that the repairs may be done as cheaply as possible. All arrangements were completed and the work will soon be done. "Allen Chapel" and friends had collected about \$35 for a new bell, which will be hung soon, and

Magbally will tell to all the towns around, What a dear Savior sh. has found!

Safigbee Bankora was cordial to me in every way; secured hammock men for me and my wife. Bangora; gave me one dollar to pay our carrier's expenses. I cannot tell in full detail here the innumerable kindnesses of every one at Magbally. We trod on Marampa Land and find desolation on all sides. Bleached bones of slaughtered rebels are to be seen all along the route. Towns burnt down, fruitful trees destroyed, farms uncultivated, roads overgrown with brush and bush, bridges broken and gone and a thousand dreary marks of death and carnage! War is terrible! We reach our San Diego mission in charge of Bro. F. M. Stewart; we preach and hold prayer meeting Wednesday morning at 10:30 a.m., 28th inst. The attendance, 40 persons, and they remained with us for nearly after an absence of six months. An excellent new native Mission house has been erected.

We presented \$1.50 worth of cloth to the donor of so neat premises. The outlook here is exceedingly hopeful for the new year. I. A. Pratt furnished us two carrier men and the members extended other courtesies. It was on Tuesday night here that I saw the eclipse of the moon December 27th, 1898, from 9:30 to 12 midnight. The Tribune theory is that the "frog" was swallowing the moon and should it succeed, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one. We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on the ocean of time for full twelve months plus one.

We are thankful to Almighty God that, despite all the roughness of the sea, with its shoals, banks and swellings, our little vessel was on the ocean sailing slowly, yet surely, until we came to our desired haven, where we had been.

When we made a start of the little vessel, the world would come to an end and so they would not eat anymore." So while the moon was in

eclipse the Timme pagans formed in a circle with every instrument they could get and marched, shouting, dancing and sang.

ANNUAL REPORT BETHEL MITE SOCIETY, SMALL SCARIES.

Sierra Leone, West Africa.

One little vessel was on

## VOICE OF MISSIONS

MORE BISHOPS AND GENERAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES.

Is published by the Missionary Department of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and is issued monthly and semi-monthly at Atlanta, Georgia, United States of America. Price only 50¢ a year; single copies 5¢ each.

It will contain home and foreign missionary news, and the progress being made by the African races and their descendants throughout the world.

Bishops, Presiding Elders, Pastors of Churches and their wives are agents, and no other without a certificate from this office.

Address, VOICE OF MISSIONS, Atlanta, Ga., or Bishop H. M. Turner, Atlanta, Ga., no street or number being necessary.

THE VOICE OF MISSIONS has reached a circulation in America, Africa, South America and West Indies.

As an advertising medium in foreign countries it has no equal.

Every issue will be worth its yearly price. Should subscribers not be treated justly and fairly, write to the publisher.

H. M. TURNER, Publisher.

### EDITORS.

BISHOP H. M. TURNER, LL.D., D.C.L.

REV. H. B. PARKS, B. D.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

BISHOP A. GRANT, D. D.

BISHOP J. A. HANOT, D. D.

BISHOP B. W. ARNETT, D. D., LL. D.

BISHOP B. B. COOPER, D. D.

REV. J. B. FLIPPER, D. D.

REV. W. H. THOMAS, D. D.

REV. G. E. TAYLOR, D. D.

REV. W. D. CHAPPELLE, D. D.

REV. EVANS TYREE, M. D.

REV. R. L. BEAL, A. M.

THE CURSE OF NORTH CAROLINA

Will some minister, statesman, politician, professor, school teacher or gentleman or lady in North Carolina send us the names and the counties they represent of the twenty-seven members of the house of representatives and the six senators of the legislature of that state who voted against the disfranchisement of the colored men in North Carolina. We see from the papers that in passing the constitutional amendment which proposes to disfranchise the Negro and in the house of representatives eighty-one voted for it, and twenty-seven against it, and in the senate forty-one voted for it and six against it. We wish through the VOICE OF MISSIONS to transmit to future generations this information, and heaven honored names of the twenty-seven in the house of representatives and the six in the state senate who had the manhood, the honor, the responsibility, the character, the sense of justice, the angelic qualities and the divine inspiration to vote against such an infamous retrogressive, barbarous and hell-meriting provision for the degradation of our race.

These names should be printed in letters of gold and framed and hung up in the houses of every African in the state of North Carolina, and the generation should swear their upon the Holy Bible, that I honor them and their posterity. We are even surprised legislature conceived and born of violence should even have existed in one house and six in the other, and in justice to all, for it was a mob legislature. The colored people all over the state of North Carolina should meet in public squares, in the streets, in halls, in churches, at cross-roads, upon picnic grounds, and at every conceivable place where people can meet and hold great mass meetings and adopt series of resolutions, thanking these illustrious men for the dare, courage and sense of honor that prompted them to vote against such a barbarous measure, and should they fail to do so, it will be a declaration that they are a set of cowards and inferiors from John C. Dancy, one of the most brainy young men of the race, down, down, down to the humblest Negro trap in the state. Dr. John M. Henderson, of New York, wrote to the Christian Recorder that the Negro nation in Africa intended to unsettle the contentment of the race. He now has a field in North Carolina where he can carry his contentment balm, and we shall expect him to hasten there and apply its healing properties.

### MORRIS AND AFRICA.

Rev. Charles S. Morris of Boston, Mass., on his return from the Tuskegee Conference, spent the most of the day with us. And we had a long talk about his Missionary school, which he has erected up the Saint Paul river, in Liberia, West Africa. Rev. Morris is a fine-looking man, a scholar of high repute, brilliant orator, light in complexion, of polished manners and gentlemanly in his social qualities, and refined in taste, and the surprise of many is that he should leave this country, where a brilliant future appears to await him, and return to the wilds of Africa. Some have gone so far as to say that he cannot be spared, but God says differently, as Brother Morris believes, for he declares that he is yielding to the dictates of the Holy Spirit, who ordered him to Africa over three years ago; moreover, while he lives in Boston, where the Africane enjoys the same privileges that can be found in the country, he has sense enough to see that if future our race is indissolubly connected with Africa. The how has been that the grade of the colored people of the country only have drifted toward Africa. But in the case of Brother Morris one of the highest types of the American colored man is found. We believe he is Baptist divine, but he is also a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterians or any other denomination. He says he is not going in the interest of religious rest, but to help in redeeming Africa, and giving those millions to civilization and to God. Morris will receive an exalted welcome when his feet touch the soil of Liberia, and the Liberians, we are sure, will tender him a grand reception. We advised him to stay in this country for some time yet, and convert as many white friends to his support as possible. God bless Charles S. Morris.

### ALABAMA CONFERENCE WOMEN.

Presiding Elders and Pastors will please inform the sisters of the several churches in the Alabama Conference (I do not mean the North and Central Alabama Conferences) that I desire to meet them in Missionary convention at Union Springs, Ala., April 18th. Each state and church is entitled to three delegates, plus the Presiding Elder, wives, who will be regarded members without election. We shall expect no church or Mission to be without at least one delegate.

H. M. TURNER, Bishop.

## Bishop Turner's Appeal for Easter.

30 YOUNG STREET, ATLANTA, GA.,  
March 7th, 1899.

Pastors and Officers of Stations, Circuits, and Missions of the Sixth Episcopal District of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which District includes all the Churches and Congregations in the States of Alabama and Georgia:

DEAR BRETHREN.—Our Book of Discipline makes it my duty, as the Bishop of the said Episcopal District, to inform you that Sabbath, April 2d, is Easter Sunday. A day which the Christian world holds in sacred memory, and have for ages, as implying the day or Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, arose from the dead, and completed the redemption of mankind. Numbers of the Christian Churches, both in Europe and America, have consecrated the entire day to collecting money and means for the support of Missions, and the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom on earth. And millions of dollars have been collected that day by Christian men and women, and given to God, and the sacrifices and offerings are no more binding than ours. Indeed, some of the Christian Churches, collect over a million dollars for Missions on Easter Sabbath. The women alone, of some of the Churches are collecting \$500,000 (five hundred thousand dollars).

The A. M. E. Church, by order of the General Conference, fell in line in May, 1884, to the extent of also setting apart Easter Sabbath as a day to lay aside every other consideration, and collect money for the cause of Missions; but our Book of Discipline was unconsciously and godlessly tampered with, and the law was converted to a mere Missionary sentiment; and even that was robbed of sixty per cent. But a new era has dawned upon the ministry of our church; it leaves the presumption among the people that we have to pick and call to find moral men and religious men is ridiculous superficialities. What other class of men should constitute the ministry? The very term "elder" itself should imply the graces of Christianity in all of its phases. The reverse is a reflection upon the ministry of our church; it leaves the presumption among the people that we have to pick and call to find moral men, and such language is disgraceful to our church and we should be ashamed to indulge in it.

Much is said about the class of men the Annual Conferences should elect as delegates to the General Conference. There is no need of collecting so many words, to define the class. The men who should be elected as delegates are men who should stand before the brethren as men of progress, men of ideas, men of common sense and men who can tell the brethren what they desire to do. The General Conference to do. Wire-pulling tricksters, should be left at home, and Presiding Elders who will promise a dozen men to see that the Bishop sends him to the same big church, as some have already been doing. Going to the General Conference is too expensive upon the church to send men as representatives who are not only ignorant of plans but of the very laws that now govern the church. We do not mean men who will tear and rip up everything in the Book of Discipline, but it is a great fitness to have judgment and familiarity with the great of Methodism, and enough along in the practice of law is all right. Had the General Conference let the old three-year term law remain and provided for a dozen other emergent demands, the church would have far better off today. Now, the last General Conference comes up and rushes through a resolution for five years, which is as sure to wreck the church, if it is allowed to continue, as a deadly epidemic is sure to wreck the peace and harmony of a community, and if the voting ministers at the coming Annual Conference do not leave every man at home who voted for that abominable and destructive resolution, they had better be writing the epistles of the A. M. E. Church to send them to the same big church, as we have no church to Bishop over, and if that law is retained, we will need no more Bishops; we have enough enough now, and will continue to have enough for some time, for the church will die about as fast as the Bishops will, and when the present corps of Bishps are all dead the church will be dead also. We have already been informed that if we do not return certain Pastors the fifth year, a majority proposes to rebel against the A. M. E. Church, while we know some of the good members of the three churches we have in mind say if we do, they will rebel. So here we are, on the verge of a church wreck, if reports are reliable.

### NEED LAUGH.

Rev. E. D. Steele, pastor of St. Andrew and Carbon Missions, is an enthusiastic African emigrationist, but his designs are too coarse and too reckless for the young. This will provoke a smile from our readers at the idea of anything being too rough for the Voter or Missions. But really you need not laugh, we reserve the right to ourselves to be coarse and a little vulgar; other people, however, must not deal in that commodity. Begging pardon of the Christian Recorder, Star of Zion, Southern Christian Recorder, Christian Index, Western Recorder, Florida Recorder, Methodist Herald, African Methodist and all the other religious and church papers of the country. The VOICE OF MISSIONS is the most instructive and enlightening church paper in the nation. We will concede that these men of ours will be able to make some sensible contribution to the work, but they are not profound and philosophic thinkers, and not one-third of the foreign contributors. The VOICE OF MISSIONS makes its readers theologians, statesmen, scientists, historians, poets and great men and women generally.

### BISHOP GRANT IN AFRICA.

The Sierra Leone Weekly News of Feb. 11th notes the presence of Bishop Grant and the session of the Sierra Leone Conference, and a grand reception tendered to His Grace, in Wilberforce hall, when the Bishop gave an eloquent lecture and stirred the people of Freetown. Dr. F. G. Snelson and Rev. H. M. Steady were elected delegates to the ensuing General Conference. Revs. J. F. Gerber, J. H. W. Gooding, E. T. Martyn and J. J. Coker were ordained to the ministry.

### REV. A. UNDERWOOD, OUR AGENT FOR THE VOICE OF MISSIONS.

In his travels in both Georgia and Florida he is ever sounding for the meritorious worth of The Voice, and sending over and anon the long list of subscribers we already carry in the many islands of the sea. Send your collections to Rev. H. B. Parks, D. D., room 61 Bible House, New York city.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

A BILL has just passed congress giving the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, at Tuskegee, Ala., 25,000 acres of public land in Alabama. This is by far the largest gift from any one source that this institution has received. These lands when sold or leased, are likely to net the school at least \$150,000, a large portion of which will be valuable mineral land.

### REV. H. B. PARKS, B. D.

Missions at home and abroad.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

Our reference to Dr. Smith's able review, editorially, should have appeared in our last issue, but unfortunately it was crowded out, but as no one except idiots would think about destroying The Voice of Missions, said by thousands to be the ablest paper of the race, therefore, all of our patrons have it and, we judge, will read the article over again.

### REV. W. B. DERRICK, GREAT APPEAL.

WE ARE BARRIARS.

No nation under heaven are greater barbarians than the people of the United States, and every one who refers to the Africans as being barbarians are simply oracles of ignorance, and it is time to stop such nonsense, and the black man who will use such language in connection with the land of his ancestors is simply a moustrocy. There are more people put to death without law in one year in the United States than upon the whole continent of Africa in forty years.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

BEAU BISHOP DWANE writes that his

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

page from the United States to Eng-

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

land was attended with a calm ocean

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.

and that his trip was exceedingly pleasant across the great deep.

### REV. J. S. SHAW, PRESIDING ELDER.



is publ  
partner  
Episco  
monthl  
Georgia  
Price c  
each.  
It wi  
missio  
ing ma  
their  
world.  
Bish  
of Ga  
and this  
Add  
Ga  
lanta,  
ness  
Africa  
dies it  
As a  
counts  
Eve  
price  
publis

Bus

Rev

Bus

Bus

Bus

Re



## YOUNG MINISTERS, READ AND LEARN.

Virgin Mary and Her Status in the  
Roman Catholic Church

### A FALSE POSITION.

By Rev. James Mitchell, D. D.

In your issue of the 27th ult., you quoted the words attributed to Archbishop Ireland about the inappropriateness, according to his opinion of sending Missionaries to the West Indies, to the effect that we might as well send Missionaries to the Roman Catholic Church of Washington City.

His words reminded me of a conversation I had with a Roman Catholic during the Mexican war, about 1847-48, as we travelled from Jeffersonville, Indiana, to Indianapolis. He was the priest of the town where I then resided, and a Frenchman by birth, if I remember right.

We were on very friendly and social terms, and were congratulating ourselves on the success of the United States forces. So, among other things, I said: Our people will now have the right to send into Mexico Protestant ministers, and Bible agents, for the success of our arms carries toleration into that land. Am I right in this conclusion?

He promptly answered: There is no need for Protestant ministers there; the Mexicans are a Christian people.

I responded: That many of our people do not think so, but regard them as guilty of idol worship and as idolaters.

How is that, said he?

Then commenced the following dialogue:

Mitchell—How many devotees do you claim in the Roman Catholic Church?

Priest—About one hundred and eighty millions.

M.—They are scattered in all lands, some in Europe, some in Asia, some in America, and some in Africa, and on the islands of the sea; and your Church teaches them the same creed and ritual everywhere; your teaching and practice is uniform, is it not?

P.—Yes, we all hold the same creed and faith.

M.—Well, you teach all your people everywhere to pray to the Virgin Mary, and to trust in her good offices in the hour and article of death, do you not?

P.—Yes.

M.—Suppose this 180,000,000 persons scattered over the earth should concur to address her in prayer at one and the same instant of time, can she hear so many at once so widely scattered as they are in all lands?

P.—Oh, yes! She can through the aid of angels who carry the prayers to her.

M.—That claim is inscripural and without authority. Can you not see, that your claim for her as being a proper object of prayer, requires that she should be omnipresent so as to hear 180,000,000 prayers at one and the same instant of time, thus you take one of God's attributes from him and give it to a woman.

But that is not all. Much of human prayer is defective, being actuated by improper motives, our improper tempers, passions, ambitions and desires color them and make them defective, so that if the petition of today was granted it might injure us tomorrow, or through all time and eternity as well, as the good man ends his prayer by saying, "Father, thy will be done." Now, if the Virgin Mary is a proper object of prayer, she should be able to look into the morrow, the next month and down through the coming ages and see and tell from her divine power of foreknowledge the propriety of giving the thing asked for in prayer. And this divine attribute of prescience you take from God and give to woman.

But that is not all. What avails it to me if she is present, or hear and see, and know, if she is devoid of power to aid me, and aid 180,000,000 persons at one and the same instant of time, some in shipwreck, some in the midst of a tornado, some in battle and some in the article of death. All needing help and all asking aid of a woman. Can she give that aid by the exercise of universal omnipotent power? If so, a created being has been enthroned as God, and to teach all this is to inculcate a stupendous system of idolatry.

P.—I don't know. My church teaches so and I believe my church. Thus ended our conversation, he being flushed with anger because of my deliberate charge.

As to the division of the mission field opening before us between ourselves and other churches:

I will simply say, that no church on earth can do our work for us, either in this section of the United States or amongst the mixed races of the tropical belt, or in Africa, or in Asia, where those colored races abound. It is not the policy of the M. E. Church to attempt the construction of a church for whites alone, restricting the privileges of Christians to them only, but the very reverse; the builders of our exclusive white church place themselves outside the Diocese of the Americas, "go into all the world, etc., etc." and fearfully circumscribe the functions of the ministry and as pastors enter a false position, inensible, unscriptural and anti-Christian.

My brethren of the Church, South, do not intend going outside the great commission, but that is the false position their fight for slavery and its subsequent class legislation, leaves them in, which units them for work in lands covered with mixed races, and they should remember that three-fourths of the human race are colored. To be truly consistent with their lily-white church policy in building the spiritual temple of the Lord, they should pull up stakes and move their plant to that field in the United States where the whites are in the greatest number; north of Mason and Dixon line; and leave the land of variegated marble for us to work on, i.e., the late slave New York City.

What would the condition of the

## VICAR BISHOP DWANE, THE CONNECTING LINK

Standing as the connecting link between the uncivilized millions in Africa and the American Negro, is J. M. Dwane, now Vicar Bishop of the A. M. E. Church in South Africa. He is a man fitted in every way for the responsibilities of his position. The hand of Providence may be definitely seen in the preparation and appearance of this man, the right man at the right moment. He is fitted not only by a talent for strong organization and aggressive administration, but by qualifications even more valuable. He is a Kaffir born, he knows the Kaffir thought and life, he has never lost touch with theMohammedan. For the first fourteen years of his life he was a savage, a tramp, a savage school boy of a Kaffir warrior, having his own food, learning to track and kill his own game, knocking about in the rugged life of the jungle and learning to take care of himself. Thus, were laid the foundations of that self-reliance and confidence initiation which have marked his later life. He was fourteen and had never seen a white man, did not even know there were white men in existence. One day there came to the Kaffir village a woman who told his mother that far away in another village 100 miles off, there was a man whose skin was white and who was clothed from his neck to his feet, and who bore a message about the "Great" and the future life, about sin and repentance, and purification, and happiness or punishment after death. The poor Kaffir woman, who had trooped among the lazy thoughts and superstitions of her race for so long, that she could not give him the name of his anxious mother, but of his white race. It was a weighty mission and it was possible that, young as he was, he felt some of its weight. The preacher stood in the village square, bounded by various Indians, and Dwane viewed him from afar, but with awe. He was afraid. He had never seen such a man, or a man arrayed as he, before. He asked about the preacher of those he met in the outskirts of the village. Many scoffed and many were non-committal, and some spoke frankly in his favor. At last he mustered courage to go up to the stranger and demand the truth. That was his first touch with Christianity and civilization. He became a pupil of the school at Middelstift, Africa, and later was sent to England, where he received a clerical training in a Wesleyan Seminary.

Returning to Africa under the Wesleyan Missions, he went among his own people and preached with astonishing success. Negro preachers multiplied, and they carried the word with ever increasing zeal and enterprise, further and further into the darkness of the jungle.

In 1874 he left the Wesleyan Church and presented himself independently of the control of the English Mission Board. Bound him gathered many of the other native preachers, and within a short time there was organized a native Christian Church, with two Annual Conferences, one in Johannesburg and the other in Cape Town. It was not until 1885 that these native Christian preachers, struggling at the edge of the great ocean of ignorance, learned that in America there was a well organized and powerful church composed of men of African descent. With the exception of Bishop Dwane, few, if any of them had ever been beyond the limits of the African continent. A copy of THE VOICE OF MISSIONS somehow—directed, it is good to believe, by the Director of all—came to his hands. If all the other good that THE VOICE OF MISSIONS has ever done should be cancelled, and if all the toil and expense that it has cost from the day of its first publication should be counted up, the victory achieved by that single copy would be easily won.

The glorious events of the recent three years are the pledges of Heaven for the future. The hope of victory is before us, the hosts in the rear are already eagerly pressing upon those who rush forward in the van. "The Henry McNeil Turner Crusaders," a glorious legion, leap into the battle, and a mighty church will dash after them and follow where they lead.

Men of narrow views and timid faith may utter their lugubrious wails and mutter their doleful prophecies, but Henry McNeil Turner has heard his countenance has been seen by the multiplying hosts that crowd around him. The timid, the weak, the feeble may falter and hang back, but with an audacity of faith, before which the world trembles, Bishop Dwane has performed the deed that pledges his church to its destined task.

The union of faith in God and courage to do his bidding is indissoluble. We believe in God, God has spoken, we obey. That is all, that is enough.

The storms of conquest and of selfish commercial greed might destroy a heathen people, but it cannot harm a people that eagerly utilizes the lightning flash as its lamp and the rushing river to turn its mills. The Negro of Africa has learned the lessons of civilization amidst the storms of battle and of crushing floods. The day of light, hope and peace has begun to break. To the Negro in Africa comes his brother from across the sea, he looks into his face and meets him; he hears his voice and his heart thrill; he accepts the gospel, which he preaches and light bursts in upon his soul. Let every heart burst in upon his soul. Let every child and every parent whose power help to make up a dollar on Easter Day remember that one dollar in the hands of Dr. Parks, will be used through the agency of the A. M. E. Church, will accomplish more than one hundred dollars used by the noble men of another race, whose graves multiply and whose devotion is unavailing in the alien climate of our fatherland.

What would the condition of the

American Negro be today if at the close of the civil war, there had been a Wilberforce in existence? This school is to be the Wilberforce of South Africa, will we let our brother wait as long as we did? Or knowing how great a boon we grant will we give it when it will do most good?

Common schooling will not do. The men who go out to preach and teach must have an education and training that will enable them to refute the arguments of the Mohammedan—that great wall of darkness against which the Missionary army has been marching for so long. The Missionary schools at present organized in Africa carry their pupils as far as the eighth grade, as it is counted in American schools. Can a preacher equipped with such crude weapons meet the sharpened sophistries of the Mohammedan? The men who are to go out into heathen and Mohammedan races must have something better.

Take up your map. The members of the Christian Ethiopian church are scattered through Cape Colony, Rhodesia, Natal, Transvaal and Orange Free State. The sphere of the school's influence will go far beyond these, and far into the interior of Africa. It will teach not only Kaffirs but Abyssinians, Tembus, Fingoes, Bosnians and other tribes, all springing from the parent stock, the Abantu, from which the Negroes of America, of whatever tribe they be, trace their descent. These are all men of a high degree of intelligence and strength of character, the Kaffir and Zulu especially.

They are not living directly in the path of the onward march of civilization to be influenced by it for good or evil. They are worth saving from moral and physical ruin. With the proper influences they will develop into useful members of civilization.

H. B. PARKS, Mis. Sec'y.

Notice—Georgia Conference.

The Electoral College of the Georgia Conference for the election of lay delegates to the next General Conference will be held at Waycross, Ga., Sept. 18, 1893. Pastors and officers, take notice and govern yourselves according to Page 85, Section 3 and Paragraph 4 of the Book of Discipline.

H. M. T.

Rev. W. D. Johnson, Jr., and Dr. Butler Called to Order By a Foreigner.

PORT LEMON, COSTA RICA,  
February 2d, 1899.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Please allow me space in THE VOICE for a few remarks on the race question.

A letter dealing with this question appeared in your issue of last month signed Wm. D. Johnson, Jr., which has greatly attracted my attention.

While, however, I admire our brother's confidence in God, I cannot help disagreeing with the plans he has laid down.

There is no means of our cure to the disease of our people in the United States, and that is emigration to Africa. Instead of setting aside a time for prayer and fasting only as the Jews did in Persia (for they never suffered from the hands of a godless nation), let the ministers of the Negro church and all the leaders of our race marshal our people for a convention as it has been suggested, then pray to God earnestly and at the same time preach the gospel of emigration to Liberia.

What means the 19,000 miles journey of J. M. Dwane? We did not send after the 12,500 Negroes in South Africa who today are the glittering gems in the diadem of Negro Christianity. They sought after us and sent their lone messenger 9,000 miles from home to find us. They had no other knowledge of us than what was gleaned through the perusal of a copy of THE VOICE or MISSIONS, that had by Providence crossed the seas.

Land has been secured in Queenstown, Cape Colony, upon which to found and operate a school. It is the plan of the Missionary Secretary to bring to this school, as its first students, the sons of the headmen of the native villages, for this purpose penetrating darkest Africa and training them as preachers, doctors, civil engineers, merchants, artisans and agriculturalists, to send them back to their heathen kindred, and there conduct the work of Christianity and civilization in Liberia.

Sons of freedom, wake from slumber. Sail to Africa's sunny land.

Some will join us and some will wonder, But Israel's God will lead our band.

Mr. Johnson disagrees with Bishop Butler's suggestion to call a convention and a long session of the proprietors of Negroes in South Africa, and the class legislation. It may be so, but in this U. S. won't be departing from its policy to see that the class to be benefited will be the Negro. For class legislation, having for its object the disfranchisement, oppression and, if possible, the extermination of the Negro, has long since become the rule. In the West Indies this is bad enough, but in the U. S. it is a thousand fold worse. Should the government on appeal grant \$100,000,000 it would only be paying a fractional part of the debt it owes to Africa and her sons.

Mr. Johnson's assertion that the U. S. belongs to the white alone carries with it the conclusion that the colored people, though born there, are aliens, and have no claim to citizenship—a most powerful argument in favor of separation.

To hold a convention for prayer and for such reunifications as will be little less than fanaticism. Being overburdened, our wagons and wheels are stuck in the mud. Let us pray from the heart, but not with our hands and shoulders to force them out. I know of no instance where heaven has ever done for any individual or people what they can do for themselves. When, for instance, the incarnate God called Lazarus from the grave He neither rolled away the stone nor untied the napkins, these being things that human hands could do.

The man is fit to be a slave, Who will not be himself and rise.

He cannot consent with the brave, Who fawns and begs before his eyes;

The skirts that trail in royal halls,

May not be touched by him who crawls,

And bends the knee to beg for alms.

A madman may not sing Psalms.

Wise comes out. O, hear her voice,

Men to act, and forthwith will be

Round white men, hand to despise;

Or rise and seek his native shore,

Go where his labors will be prized,

And where he'll have fame, wealth and

lore.

The man is fit to be a slave,

Who will not be himself and rise.

He cannot consent with the brave,

Who fawns and begs before his eyes;

The skirts that trail in royal halls,

May not be touched by him who crawls,

And bends the knee to beg for alms.

Wise comes out. O, hear her voice,

Men to act, and forthwith will be

Round white men, hand to despise;

Or rise and seek his native shore,

Go where his labors will be prized,

And where he'll have fame, wealth and

lore.

Wise comes out. O, hear her voice,

Men to act, and forthwith will be

Round white men, hand to despise;

Or rise and seek his native shore,

Go where his labors will be prized,

And where he'll have fame, wealth and

lore.

Wise comes out. O, hear her voice,

Men to act, and forthwith will be

Round white men, hand to despise;

Or rise and seek his native shore,

Go where his labors will be prized,

And where he'll have fame, wealth and

lore.

Wise comes out. O, hear her voice,

Men to act, and forthwith will be

Round white men, hand to despise;

Or rise and seek his native shore,

Go where his labors will be prized,

And where he'll have fame, wealth and

lore.

Wise comes out. O, hear her voice,

Men to act, and forthwith will be

Round white men, hand to despise;